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The One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Lodge of Saint Andrew 1756–1906

(*Reprinted from the Memorial Volume*)

Masonic Temple
Boston, Massachusetts
1906

ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES,

CORINTHIAN HALL,

MASONIC TEMPLE.

✠

ORATION AND POEM

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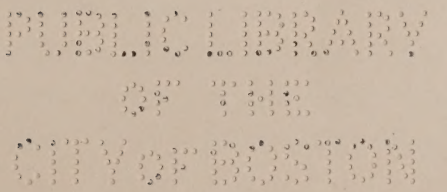
✠

"Here lies the East; doth not the day break here?"
SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Cæsar II.*

BOSTON
LODGE OF SAINT ANDREW
1906



Winthrop Wetherbee.
June 10. 1904

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ANNIVERSARY EXERCISES

THE Lodge of Saint Andrew, which received its charter from the Grand Lodge of Scotland in 1756, met to celebrate its One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary, on Friday, November the thirtieth, 1906, in the Masonic Temple, Boylston Street, Boston. The members of the Lodge gathered in their private room at half past one o'clock, and forming a procession, marched to Corinthian Hall to open the proceedings. The Hall was profusely decorated with evergreens and flowers, and a large number of invited guests were assembled. The Lodge was opened at two o'clock in the afternoon. The Chaplain offered prayer. The Worshipful Master, Winthrop Wetherbee, was then prepared to receive the Most Worshipful Grand Master, John Albert Blake, with a large delegation of officers and permanent members of the Grand Lodge. He did so in the following words: —

Most Worshipful Grand Master,

In behalf of the Lodge of Saint Andrew, it has become my very pleasant duty to greet and welcome you to our Anniversary Exercises. It is a great satisfaction to have

you with us officially, and we find a certain appropriateness in your presence, since we regard this celebration as commemorative of something more than the birthday of our Lodge, as commemorating rather an event which marked an epoch in American Freemasonry. This, together with the high principles and known character of the men connected with the Lodge in the past, and their conspicuous services for the public welfare, would seem to make especially appropriate the presence of the Grand Master of Masons in the oldest Lodge in continuous service within his jurisdiction, under the shadow of the oldest charter within the Commonwealth. We are very glad to have your assistance in our celebration, and welcome as well the Brethren of your suite.

To these words of cordial greeting in the name and behalf of the Lodge, the Most Worshipful Grand Master replied as follows: —

Worshipful Master of the Lodge of Saint Andrew,

Your very cordial and fraternal greeting finds a ready response in the hearts of the Brethren whom I represent. As Grand Master of Masons in Massachusetts, I extend to you and your Brethren of the Lodge of Saint Andrew our felicitations upon this the One Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary. We have convened the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge, in a Special Communication, to attend your exercises in commemoration of this im-

portant event, and we anticipate a most pleasant hour in listening to the programme you have prepared. We recall with pleasure the fact that your members, by their personality and activity, exercised a mighty influence upon the events leading up to, and through, the Colonial life of our country, and during those years of trial that preceded our Independence. We recognize your never-failing loyalty to the Grand Lodge, as marked to-day as in the years of long ago, and it is our hope and belief that these happy relations will continue as long as the world endures.

If our presence here can in any degree add to the interest of this hour, we shall be more than pleased. I present to you the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge, and await your pleasure.

The Most Worshipful Grand Lodge were then invited to take seats which had been reserved for them.

The Orchestra played selections from "*Faust.*"

The Rev. Brother John Cuckson, Chaplain of the Lodge, then delivered the following oration: —

Worshipful Master and Brethren of the Lodge of Saint Andrew,

When you did me the honor of asking me to deliver the historical address on this interesting occasion, I consented to do so without any very clear knowledge how thoroughly

the local fields of Masonic history had already been gleaned. Not a sheaf was left unturned. The annals of the Lodge of Saint Andrew from 1756 to 1809 had been thoroughly searched. Every event had been duly chronicled, and every good story appropriated, and what was left by Brother Hamilton Willis, in 1856, was garnered by Worshipful Master George C. Stearns in 1881. Right Worshipful Charles W. Moore had exhausted the archives of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and our venerable Brother Hales W. Suter had swept with a keen eye the salient events in the world's history for a century and a quarter. Poetry followed close upon the heels of painstaking research, and touched with a glowing imagination the worth of liberty and the social memories of Saint Andrew's Eve. Almost every appeal that could be directed towards the kindling of local patriotism and Masonic enthusiasm has been made at the two memorable anniversaries, and set in cold type. What then remains for this One Hundred and Fiftieth birthday? What wreaths, whether of prose or poetry, have we to place on the brows of our Masonic fathers? Fortunately for us, a past which has had any real glory in it never loses its lustre. True honor never fades, and generation after generation weaves new chaplets with which to enrich a deathless fame. Children and children's children arise to call their fathers blessed, when the fathers have wrought deeds which mankind does not willingly forget. Our theme may be

old, but it cannot grow stale. When, therefore, friends ask us what more can be said about Saint Andrew's Lodge? we reply, "Much, in every way." Freemasonry is a great theme, and one upon which men have not begun to think as much as they ought to think, and will think, as the time ripens for a solution of social and religious questions of the deepest moment. It covers a wide area, and that phase of it which took root and flourished in New England is of quite heroic proportions. The whole subject is, and has been, very deeply concerned with the growth of civil and religious liberty in the world, and with the creation of a distinct type of citizenship, which stands for what is best and most enduring in politics and religion — in the politics that is free from faction, and the religion that has parted with bigotry.

There is scarcely a great movement anywhere for the moral uplift and freedom of humanity, for its deliverance from feudalism, and the inequalities and indignities of every kind of serfdom, from the French Revolution down to the present day, in which Freemasonry has not taken a valiant part. In some instances, it has furnished eminent leaders, and in all cases, ethical inspiration and support. The inveterate foe of tyranny and despotism, it has sought to concentrate and organize the forces of liberty. Its Lodges have been, in all lands, the hatcheries of rebellion against kings, priests, and anarchists, whenever these were to be found plotting against the liberties and rights

of a law-abiding people. Again and again, it has gathered into a focus the liberal humanitarian sentiments which pervaded the literature and life of Europe and America, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, struggling against powerful odds for legitimate expression ; and whenever occasion has offered, it has been the strong right arm of the beleaguered forces of freedom and righteousness. No just estimate of its history can be formed without reference to the revolutionary atmosphere in France and America, which culminated in the revolt of the American Colonies against the British Government. There was nothing in common between the ideals of Masonry, at that time, and the volcanic conspiracies, devoid of all moral purpose, of the Girondists, the Communists, and the Jacobins; but the influence of Voltaire and Rousseau in France, of Robert Burns in Scotland, of the Chartists and Friends of Parliamentary Reform in England, and the stubborn enemies of despotism in America, was fostered and augmented by the groups of free-thinking patriots of the Masonic order, who meeting in their Lodges, found leisure and opportunity during refreshment, because they could not do so at any other time, to promote liberty near and far, while they deprecated, as utterly opposed to their principles, the cruelties in the name of liberty, which for two years France suffered at the hands of tyrannical demagogues like Robespierre and Mirabeau. Without deliberately setting themselves

to the task, the Masons of this period instituted a school of patriotism. The principles which had characterized the craft for so many generations were attractive to men who sought to harmonize liberty with equality before the law, and who were bent upon establishing a practical brotherhood on the simple foundations of God and humanity, without regard to sect or social caste. It was a bold enterprise, and yet it appealed so strongly to the uncommon good sense of thoughtful and public-spirited men, that it grew to large proportions, and soon became one of the formidable forces with which kings and statesmen had to reckon.

It entered every field of political unrest, and gave counsel and direction to the new aspirations after wholesome and stable freedom which were being awakened in France, Germany, Great Britain, and the American Colonies, and created a distinct type of wise, conservative citizenship, which has come down augmented and unimpaired to the present day. The fact that it was a secret order, although its secrets were never intended to do more than preserve its identity, made it little understood by the outside world, and often misunderstood. Some people thought it was a conspiracy against good government, and loyal Tories came to look upon the lodge-rooms as "nests of traitors," notwithstanding the fact that every Mason stood pledged to the maintenance of the laws and liberties of the land. Others regarded it as the enemy

of religion, although it was steeped in the spirit of true faith in God and duty and immortality, and made the Bible one of its foundations; while still more saw nothing in a Masonic Lodge except selfish and sometimes reckless conviviality. The fact that there was something about it which the outside world thought it ought to know, but could not penetrate, laid it open then, as to some extent it does now, to foolish conjecture and groundless suspicion. All the while, there was growing up an ever-increasing body of men, of high character and public spirit, banded together and meeting at stated periods, to inculcate the principles of their order, and to prove that brotherhood, on simple lines of fellowship, was not a crude dream, but an intensely practical reality. The new cult soon became a more or less formidable power in many lands, and an efficient working force wherever, in any part of the world, the down-trodden and oppressed were struggling for freedom and the rights of man.

It is to the revival of Masonry in the eighteenth century, and to its development since, and especially to the type of character it has reared, to which I would call your attention.

In the political thought of the eighteenth century, and especially the latter half of it, there may be traced three distinct phases, with which Masonic principles were closely concerned. There was that, so frequently observed as one of the characteristics of despotism, whether

in politics or religion — *a scepticism and almost despair of the progress of man.* The greatest writers, at the close of the seventeenth and the opening of the eighteenth centuries, who dealt with questions of Church and State, were sceptics in religion, and cynics in almost everything else. Hobbes, the author of "The Leviathan," was in politics essentially a despot. He was followed by Hume and Gibbon, who were sceptics in philosophy and scornful of popular rights. And, though there was no resemblance religiously between them and Samuel Johnson, still his antipathy to democratic leaning, like theirs, was based upon a pessimistic view of human nature and its possibilities. It finds expression in his well-known addition to Goldsmith's "Traveller":—

> How small of all that human hearts endure
> That part which laws or kings can cause or cure.

If, however, the ends to be gained by one form of government, as compared with another, be so insignificant, they can never adequately compensate for the trouble and danger involved in any change that might be made to secure them. The logical outcome of such scepticism is toleration or justification of the suppression of popular rights and aspirations. No wonder then, that men like Johnson and Gibbon, so unlike in many respects, were yet similar in their confirmed distrust of the people. One was a sceptic in politics, and the other a sceptic in relig-

ion and politics, and both were unable to feel any sympathy with the demands of the American Colonists, which were to find such fervid embodiment in the Declaration of 1776.

Against this doubt of the moral order of the universe on the one hand, and of the inherent power of man to dispense with tyrants and take the best care of himself on the other, the Masonic body, in its charter and constitution, set the absolute sovereignty of the All-seeing God, and unbounded faith in human progress. The Lodges were essentially theistic and democratic. They stood for God and humanity, and became the schools of undogmatic faith, and of social sympathy and regeneration. Without making any open profession of their mission, they unconsciously laid the foundations of that inclusiveness and social fellowship, after which the noblest spirits in every church and nation are now feeling their way. Atheism and lawlessness and selfishness were against their instincts and purposes, which were religious without being sectarian, and republican without being sentimental; as far removed from the pessimism of Hobbes as from the flimsy optimism of Pope and Bolingbroke.

Another phase of the time was *a widespread lack of real sympathy with the poor and the oppressed.* The rapid increase of population everywhere had forced social issues to the front. The prosperous and insolent greeds of a privileged class had brought into striking contrast

the burdens and miseries of the starving masses, until, to stave off the evil day as long as they could, Mr. Leslie Stephen says, "fine ladies and gentlemen began to play at sympathy." Such writers as Sterne, Mackenzie, and Alexander Pope spoke of human nature more from observation than experience.

How could they know much of mankind who never knew anything of such want and misery as dwelt in the purlieus of London and Paris? In France, the profligacy and incompetency of Louis XV, whose reign Michelet describes as "a halt in the mud," following upon the long wars of Louis XIV, had resulted in the most hopeless economical difficulties, and hence in the distress of the hitherto silent millions; while in England, the new social phenomenon supplied material to this kind of sentimentality, as also to the Evangelical fervor of the Wesleys and George Whitefield. Sympathy with the poor and oppressed was a social pastime. What more pleasant, forsooth, than to write and sing of humanity in the abstract! What more comforting than to distribute alms by deputy, and hug to their self-complacent souls Heaven's approval of their tender-heartedness, if only they kept their gentle hands clean! Is it surprising that this placid assertion, that

"Whatever is, is right,"

and could not well be better, was rudely denied by a crowd of sufferers; and that there intruded upon the

complacent body of shallow optimists and impracticable sentimentalists a man "stained with the filth of the street, his utterance choked with passion, a savage menace lurking in every phrase, and announcing himself as the herald of a furious multitude"? Sentimentality and epigrams, indulged in by those who were to be thrown into dismay and panic when they witnessed what was, to some extent, their necessary consequence in the rough, ruthless indignation of the multitude, I regard as the second phase of the political thought of the age, beginning in the rose-water prescriptions of literary sentimentalists, and ending in the blood and fire of the French Revolution.

The third was *a real, deep-rooted sympathy with the suffering millions* on the part of those who, like the democratic poets, and the organized bodies of Free Masons, persisted in looking at humanity in the concrete, and not in the abstract; not as something stretching from China to Peru, but as something dwelling close at hand, and at everybody's door, — a tender, personal affection, rather than a profuse, undetached enthusiasm for humanity in general. There is a vast difference between a sentiment that is a passion and a conviction that is a passion. The epigrams and political discussions, which led to nothing, only exasperated the people, and paved the way for revolution. It was such views as those of George the Third, Dr. Johnson, and Gibbon, that were

chiefly responsible for the war between the English and their Colonists in America, and hence for the Declaration of Independence. Here is one of history's most striking pieces of irony. Men in France and England were unconsciously helping to produce results in clean contradiction to their own programme. It is in truth not a mere paradox to say that George the Third did more than any other one man to bring about the American Revolution. His excessive influence over Ministry and Parliament has been of late more and more recognized. To him, as to Dr. Johnson, the English on this side of the Atlantic were simply three millions of detested Whigs, and as such were to be treated with a high hand. High-handedness, however, with three millions of spirited people, may prove fatal to the cherished purposes even of Royalty itself. In this case, it resulted in the Declaration that was to sound the death-knell of many another autocracy besides that of George the Third, and which was to be followed by the French Declaration of the Rights of Man.

It was through men like Rousseau and Thomas Paine and Benjamin Franklin and Thomas Jefferson that democratic views and sympathies were taught and promulgated on this side of the Atlantic. The dim-eyed Tories of England, the courtier-epigrammatists of France, and the soft-handed sentimentalists of both countries, contributed, perhaps, as much as the trumpet-tongued Patrick Henry, or the vehement Rousseau, to those great

movements of the eighteenth century, of which we, in the twentieth century, are reaping the results.

But let us come a little nearer home. It was in America, and on New England soil, that Masonic principles were destined to find expression in not a few leaders of the revolutionary movement, and in shaping the character of the institutions which were to be based on the Declaration of Independence. I do not mean to infer that Freemasonry had an undue share of influence in the course of events at that time; but it is matter of history that many prominent leaders, including Washington himself, were Masons. Conspiracies were hatched in such places as the old *Freemason's Arms*, otherwise known as *The Green Dragon Tavern*, and the ideas of citizenship which prevailed among the Revolutionists were in accordance with what Masonry has always taught, and still continues to teach. In other words, the times were inoculated with the views and principles of Masonry. The virus sank deep into the souls of men, and was beyond surgery or pathology. It is curious to notice, among other things, that the Lodge of Saint Andrew was the rendezvous of Colonial soldiers, and more colonels, majors, captains, lieutenants, were admitted to it then, than at any period before or since in its history.

In order to obtain a clearer conception of what I mean by the Masonic type of patriotism, as distinguished from other types, let me call your attention to the difference

between some of the statesmen who dealt with Colonial questions on behalf of the British Government, and the sturdy heroes who guided the destinies of triumphant liberty in this Colony. Pitt and Burke and Fox were admittedly statesmen of the highest rank. They were the ornaments of the House of Commons, wise in counsel and debate, and occupied an exalted place in the parliamentary bead-roll of their native country. But North, Rockingham, Sandwich, Grenville, Grafton, Townshend, and Bedford, *et hoc genus omne*, were diplomats, royal lackeys, and titled grafters. Most of them had been brought up in luxury and self-indulgence, and were gamblers, roués, and spendthrifts. They were as incapable of political insight as they were of political justice, and as ignorant of unselfish patriotism as they were of private virtue. They had grown up in the lap of luxury, and knew nothing of those trials and deprivations which gave breadth and capacity, and a fine moral quality to the stalwarts of the English Commonwealth and the educated rustics of the Colonial Revolution. Contrast them with the American leaders against whom they rashly matched themselves, who, as Trevelyan says, "had all been bred in one class or other of the same school." Sam Adams, who directed New England in its resistance to the Stamp Act, was a rigid Puritan, a man of unbending integrity, who held the political creed of the founders of the Colony, and clung to it with unswerving tenacity.

His means were not large, but he possessed personal pride which saw no disgrace in honest poverty, and a stern nobility of character which no prosperity could corrupt and no adversity betray. Alexander Hamilton, beginning life as a clerk in a store, by early thrift and economy, won for himself an education, and developed a character which constituted him a pillar of strength in the early struggle for liberty. Thomas Jefferson inherited wealth, but used it not for ease or self-indulgence, but to procure the best education within his reach, and for the cultivation of such traits of character as made him a man of power, of courage, and sagacity.

The same ethical stamp rested upon others, even upon those who fought, not less than upon those who thought, for the infant Republic. Israel Putnam and Nathanael Greene were men who rose from modest obscurity, and out of poverty sphered a light for themselves in times of trial and of danger. And what shall we say of Washington, the central sun around which the lesser luminaries circled? He was like his confrères, in that he worked his way through daring and sacrifice and self-discipline to eminence and honor as a soldier and a citizen. By sheer force of sturdy valor and integrity, he won the supreme place in the confidence and affection of his countrymen and co-patriots. He bore the severities of a long campaign with the humblest of his soldiers, was no decked and privileged shirk, but led the way in which he ex-

pected others to follow him. His manhood, welded in the furnace of trial, put him, "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." He was also a typical Mason, the ripe fruit of those ideals and principles which he adorned and illustrated. There is scarcely a lesson taught in the Fraternity which he did not embody in his personal character. He was modest yet firm, in full control of his passions, unsullied in his domestic life, severely faithful to his duties and obligations, dignified in his bearing, and yet genial in his relations with those about him. The fact that he, and men like him, held rank in Masonry, thoroughly believed in it, and inculcated its teachings, is enough to satisfy the most sceptical that its principles are sound and elevating, and that it is a great school of practical ethics, and of human courtesy and charity.

And now let us turn from the Masonic type of character in general, which is much the same everywhere, whether exhibited by regular Masons or others not identified with the craft, to the personnel and history of Saint Andrew's Lodge.

Boston, in 1756 and onward, was a hot-bed of invincible sedition. It was obstinate, defiant, ineradicable, and incurable. Had British statesmen understood it, they would have left it undisturbed, for not in vain had the American Colonists studied the history of the mother country. They were of the same breed as their oppressors,

fired with the same hot enthusiasm for their rights and liberties, and characterized by the hereditary bull-dog tenacity of the race. Adams, Hancock, Warren, Paul Revere, were not men to be trifled with. When they gathered for counsel or for war, great events were on the wing. Here were men, making no boast of pedigree, owing nothing to conventional favor or personal intrigue, hatching no plots, and employing no tricks for their own advancement, who could think deeply and freely for others, who were not only men of purpose, but of action, and who were aflame with the spirit of independence. Unspoiled by luxury, untainted by mean and selfish ambition, clean in personal character, they were fired with as pure a spark of patriotism as ever burned in a human breast.

It was at the feet of such men that our Brethren sat, and so linked the Masonic Order, for all time, with the "Sons of Liberty," and the promoters of private and public righteousness. We have only to study the annals of this Lodge to find that, in times of peace and of war, and in all the struggles of this nation to perfect its liberties, there were men, who, whether illustrious or obscure, were intensely loyal to their principles. They were magnanimous, and never permitted differences of creed or politics to dwarf their ideals. They were energetic and progressive, never allowing the grass to grow under their feet. In business, we find them, for the most part, thrifty

and prosperous; while in social life, they held their heads high, through good report and ill, as those who feared nothing so much as the reproaches of conscience. In their day, men formed themselves into various groups, some political, some social, others sectarian; what was there, then, to prevent the foundation of a fraternity, neither partisan nor sectarian, but simply for the growth of ethics, sociability, and brotherly love? Their secrets were incidental, their principles were vital; and if they chose to take special care of their own, that was infinitely better than the delegation of their duties to others, and the diffusion of their benevolence until it escaped into a vaporous sentimentality. It may be a weakness to praise those whose memories we cherish, and to do it with the ardor of affection; but it is impossible to read the records of Saint Andrew's Lodge, from 1756 to 1906, and recall how often the hat went round for the widow and the fatherless, and how much personal sympathy accompanied every gift, without feeling a thrill of exultant pride at the generous hearts of those who set us an example, that we should follow in their steps. Our fathers, both in what they were themselves, and in what they did for others, exalted the ideals of Masonry, and left such standards of ability and benevolence, that we must feel recreant to our duties and responsibilities, whenever we fall below them.

They were a social set, and loved to meet for refreshment after labor. Hospitality was their distinctive virtue,

and at the festal board, where good men love to congregate, there was a feast of reason and a flow of soul. They enjoyed, as wholesome men always do, the merry laugh, the clean and amusing story, the cheerful song, tempered in season with wise counsel and stimulating speech. We think with gratitude on the serious side of their fraternal duties, their love of liberty and good government; but we should certainly be wanting in discernment and appreciation, if we did not also approve of their jubilant pleasures, which are as much a part of a sane, healthy man's life, as his arduous and exacting labors. The true Mason is not an anchorite, nor a prestidigitator of gloomy circumspection whose very virtues lose their flavor by being cold and austere. He abhors insipidity and dulness, even where they are eminently respectable, and delights in the companionable, and has no place in his moral economy for carking cares, or stupid bores, or mournful cant, and still less for mere conviviality with no depth of seriousness in it, but adopts Cato's motto,—

Interpone tuis interdum gaudia curis.

He invites his Brethren to the Lodge with an open heart, and, while there, has no needless reservations, but in the language of Shelley says,—

> You must come home with me, and be my guest;
> You will give joy to me, and I will do
> All that is in my power to honor you.

This convivial hospitality has laid us open to the sombre judgment of conceited prigs. The world, or that part of it which assumes lofty airs on slender pretexts, has given us a reputation for self-indulgence. But reputation is one thing and character is another. With the one an utterly irresponsible world does as it pleases, and often plays fantastic and cruel tricks. The other, however, is always in our own keeping, and while there are defects in every body of men, some even in churches and universities, the idea that Masons in general are not as scrupulous in matters of character and bearing, even as the most exemplary of communities, is utterly without foundation.

And, now, let us ask, what are the lessons for us, of the history of Saint Andrew's Lodge for one hundred and fifty years? Our principles are unaltered and unalterable; our ritual in all its simplicity and beauty and impressiveness is unchanged; our purpose and work are the same as they were when the Lodge was first established. *Semper eadem* is our boast in a truer sense than it is that of the Roman Church, because our Order is based more upon what is enduring in humanity, and less upon opinions and usages, which fluctuate and die. Liberty will always need its defenders. Public service will never cease to be exacting; wrong will need resistance; and struggling right a helping hand. The poor will be always with us, like the friendless and the sick, and charity will seek the liberal store wherewith to feed the hungry, and clothe the naked,

and heal the wounded. No one can regard without surprise and wonder the amazing growth and expansion of this country in a century and a half. Its territory has been enormously extended; its privileges have multiplied; its industries have grown by leaps and bounds; its population has increased, and is still increasing, beyond the imagination of earlier days; its prestige among the nations has eclipsed the most sanguine prophecies, while its wealth is fabulous. And with all this wonderful development have come greater tasks and heavier responsibilities.

Government is no longer the simple thing which it was in the infancy of the Republic, and bids fair to increase in complexity. Problems are before us to-day, of which the pioneers of independence and self-government did not dream. The need of vigilance and public integrity is greater than ever, lest our material advancement be made at the expense of intelligence and national character. But there is no occasion for alarm. The spirit of the Revolution survives in the sons of the Revolution, and the character of men of heroic memories is perpetuated in their children. The Masonic Lodges of the twentieth century are still schools of citizenship. The temper which prevails in them is not the temper of the loafer and *bon vivant;* but that of the active and responsible citizen, who in emergencies will doubtless do his duty to the country, with as much courage and alacrity, as did the "Sons of Liberty," who cast off the yoke of foreign oppression.

We are the heirs of a very noble heritage. Our traditions have a lien upon us, and constrain us to noble service. The character of the past has got to be honored, and our Institution, which has done so much, must not be allowed to suffer, either from quick degeneracy or slow dry-rot. Masonry will be a failure, and deservedly so, when it ceases to be intellectually and morally effective, and is no longer the training-ground of sturdy character, and the school of vigorous patriotism. Year by year, thousands are being enrolled in its ranks, under most solemn vows and pledges as to personal conduct and lofty ideals, young men who will take their principles from the moral atmosphere of the Lodge, both in hours of labor and refreshment. They listen to our precepts, and judge our actions, and their estimate of the cause we represent will be taken, not only from the ritual they witness, and in which they share; but not less, rather more, from the prevailing tone of the companionships and friendships which they form in the Fraternity. Behind them is a past replete with noble examples of loyalty to duty, of sobriety, of modest and solid worth, of wholesome respect for law and order, of habitual unselfishness rising to the height of sacrifice, and upon our officers lies the responsibility of continuing to rear Masonic character after the old pattern, so that one generation after another may build upon the old foundations. One hundred and fifty years have come and gone, many of them years of heroic deeds and mem-

orable events, and we may well ask, " What shall the future be? " The answer comes, " Exactly what we help to make it, that and nothing more." Then, in the language of John Ruskin, the great artist of the Lamps of Architecture, and one of the famous master-builders of the enduring soul, let us say, " When we build, let us think that we build forever. Let it not be for the present delight, nor for present use alone, let it be such work as our descendants will thank us for, and let us think, as we lay stone on stone, that a time will come when these stones will be held sacred because our hands have touched them, and that men wil say, as they look upon the labor and wrought substance of them, ' See! this our fathers did for us.' "

The Quartette then sang, " *Of all the Airts the Wind doth Blow.*"

Brother Robert Montraville Green, M. D., read the following original poem:—

SAINT ANDREW'S ODE

I

1

Not from the mighty of the land,
Not from the breed of prouder birth,
But from the common men of earth
The Lord culls out His saints, who stand

Forever fellows in brave brotherhood.
And diverse are the ways
Wherein, laborious for the general good,
Toiling they pass unreckoned days,
Heedless of wage or praise,
Till comes the call that makes them of the chosen band.

2

Nor matters it how comes that call, —
Whether in the hot flush of strife
Or in the quiet paths of life; —
Where'er the lines of fortune fall,
There the elect are found to make reply:
For not the duty done,
The service rendered, or achievement high,
But selfless, pure devotion,
The grace of love alone,
Makes saints of some and equal brothers of us all.

3

And only less than brothers' love,
That links us each to each for aye,
Is the strength firm beyond dismay,
The strength of heart no fate can move,
The strength of soul that makes the perfect man.
Even such was his whose name
Honors our brotherhood, whose life began
And passed in scenes obscure to fame
Till the clear summons came, —
Andrew, the manly saint, whose faith our faith shall prove.

II

1

A simple fisherman was he,
Uncouth, unlettered, and untaught,
Who lived and at his labor wrought
Beside Gennesaret's land-locked sea, —
Where morning dimly from the pagan east
Dawns with the revelation of new day
To crown the hills that breast
The blue horizon, and to pay
The golden fee of far Cathay
Unto the gentile land of Galilee.

2

There through the lapsing years he dwelt,
Nor dreamed of other course than time
Had brought his fathers in their prime,
Nor other hope of glory felt,
Till there to him first came the trumpet voice
Of one loud crying in the wilderness:
"Repent! and set your choice
In Heaven"; although he heeded less
That voice than His who came to bless
His Son that meekly in John's baptism knelt.

3

And there as once he stood again
At dawn, washing his empty net
In the barren waves, his forehead wet
With drops of toil, unto him then

Unseen the Perfect Master came, and bade
Him cast in deeper waters far from shore.
And Andrew turning said:
" Burned not my heart to hear before
That voice at Cana? " — cast once more,
And for his faith became fisher of men.

4

The swift belief of sudden zeal
Is glorious, but not enough
To test the man of sterner stuff,
Who stands steadfast through ill and weal:
The Master died on Golgotha to give
Life everlasting and a promise new;
Andrew dared still to live
On earth, and teach the truth he knew,
And win from the barbaric crew
Others, and with his hope their spirits seal.

5

For still fisher of men he roved
Through rough, uncultivated lands,
Whose lewd, idolatrous, fierce bands
By sweet, compelling speech he moved
To receive the eternal dayspring from on high;
And when the Achaians, blind with pagan pride,
Refused his ministry,
Upon the cross he testified
His fervent faith, and so he died, —
A manly saint that well his fellows loved.

6

Nor that great church Byzantine, wrought
To pomp and power in later days,
His noblest monument and praise
Full with his toil and purpose fraught:
Rather that when the Ægean surf ran high,
Nor knowing God his pilot o'er the wave,
He heard a brother's cry
And dared alone at night to brave
The terror of the deep to save
Matthew from the fell death that dawn had brought.

7

He was no lifeless plaster-saint,
Furnished with golden crown and harp, —
Such as make cynics sneer and carp,
And on religion cast attaint; —
He was a man of living flesh and blood,
Massive and stern and staunch and just and true,
With faith to see the good
In all men, and with strength to do
His service to them, and endue
Their hearts with love whose strength can never faint.

8

Nor came the call to him alone
And his heroic time; for we
Dwell still beside life's sounding sea,
Still to its unknown ways go down

To cast our net or venture merchandise,
And in the welter of our world may find
The place of sacrifice,
The service, though of humble kind,
That unto all men's hearts shall bind
Our heart in brotherly affection.

9

And as the season comes again
Where, in the chronicle of days,
His name is calendared in praise,
And writ with an immortal pen,
Let us remember that of the common mold
He came, nor from his lowly station moved,
And in him one behold
That most his human brothers loved,
And bravely his devotion proved, —
Andrew the fisherman, fisher of men.

III

1

A century and a half are gone
Since in his holy name began
Our fellowship, whereof the span
Hath many a worthy brother known.
Yet, though the lapse of time hath glorified
Their memories of old,

LODGE OF SAINT ANDREW, 1756–1906

Still in the balance where mankind is tried
The Lord weighs out his hearts of gold,
Whose tale hereafter told
Shall fill the roll of saints whose crown of praise is won.

2

Still doth the ancient sacrifice
Of self and hope for others' sake
Call forth the saints of earth to make
Their service good in diverse guise.
And still from field and bench and obscure cot,
They come, — fishers of men,
Singers of human life, and patriot
Spirits, — to justify again
The faith that beyond ken
Of mortal sight the deep, abiding truth descries.

3

So may our festival remind
Us solemnly of those who went
Before, bless'd by the sacrament
That into brotherhood doth bind;
That we, as equal brothers, each to each
May render common love,
In common service tread the paths that reach
To the Celestial Lodge above,
Nought seeking save to prove
Our work, and walk upon the level with mankind.

The Brethren all standing, the Worshipful Master proceeded to pay reverent respect to the memory of the dead. He said,—

The value of history lies always to a certain extent in its being a measure of the future. What has been achieved in the past record of this venerable Lodge has been due to the high principles and sturdy manhood of those who have gone before us, and the standard they set for the generations is that which is always pleading with us, when we think of them. May the same beneficent Providence which guarded the Lodge in the past, through peril and storm, of which we in these comparatively quiet times know nothing, guide us in the future! And, as token that we are not unmindful of the loyal and devoted service of our departed Brethren, I will request the choir to sing one stanza of "*The Vacant Chair*," the Lodge standing while it is being sung.

The Worshipful Master invited the Brethren to pass from labor to refreshment, a bountiful repast having been provided in the Banquet-Hall of the Temple, and then proceeded to close the Lodge in due form. The Lodge worked under its original charter, which is seldom produced, and the portraits of former Grand Masters, who had been members of the Lodge of Saint Andrew, were wreathed with evergreens and flowers.

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